The World

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CROKER'S AMBITION.

RICHARD CROKER attained his life's ambition yesterday. His horse won the English Derby, the greatest race of the year. The stakes were worth 6,500 pounds ($32,000), but the money was of no account compared with the glory. For all time the name of Richard Croker will now be inscribed on the roll of Derby winners. He ranks with William C. Whitney and Pierre Lorillard, the only other Americans whose horses came in first.

Thus a life of turmoil and struggle is crowned with success in this most-longed-for achievement.

Croker made Mayors, Judges, Congressmen, Governors and one United States Senator. For none of these men has he the regard or affection that he bestows upon Orby, the horse that won the race for him.

Orby represents years of hope, longing and expenditure. Croker raised Orby on his farm near Dublin. He owned Rhoda B., Orby's dam, who came from Kentucky, and whom he bred to Orme, the sire of Flying Fox, who won the Derby in 1899.

Suppose that Croker, when he was the ruler of New York, had taken as much pains for the welfare of the children of New York as he did for his Derby colt. Suppose that in selecting Mayors and commissioners for the government of New York he had considered solely their worthiness and fitness, as in the selection of trainers for his Derby colt. How different would be the history of New York for the past twenty years!

Glory is a great thing to achieve. Honor is a most desirable possession. Fame and future reputation are treasures to be highly prized. Yet is the possession of the best horse out of the nine that started a more desirable thing than the good will of 4,000,000 people, than their praise, than the echoes of their prosperity, than laudable pages in the history of the city where his youth was spent and his fortune made?

The nickels and dollars of the people of New York City paid the cost of Richard Croker's Derby.

When Croker assumed the boss-ship of Tammany Hall, when John Kelly's health broke down, twenty-two years ago, he was a poor man. The testimony taken before successive legislative committees tells how he made his money. He was "working for my own pocket all the time." Whom he was working was the people of New York. What he was working were the offices and the franchises of New York.

During his supremacy Mr. Whitney created the Metropolitan Street Railway, which Thomas F. Ryan magnified. The Consolidated Gas became a monopoly. The old New York was changed to the Greater New York. The city's expenditures magnified.

Over all sat Richard Croker, taking toll where he would.

The flood of political assessment and campaign contributions flowed through his hands. Checks were made out to his individual order. He was the man with whom the public-service corporations had to deal.

Then public revolt came again, as it had come before. This last time, rich and old, Croker retired to Europe, where money got as was his commands more respect than in the United States.

His ambition has at last been realized. A man with his strong will, clear judgment, vast knowledge of men and horses and determined purpose stands likely to win, whether in politics, money-making or on the race-tracks. But how greater would be the legacy of his reputation had he applied to the people of New York the same principles which brought Orby in a winner!

Letters from the People.

Old Age Pensions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A noble impulse this old-age pension idea suggested by some of your readers. In this age of materialism and unthinking progress men and women who have given the best they had and done the best they knew, when old age comes often find themselves alone. They are weary wanderers, with nothing offered them but cold charity. To a self-respecting person this is a horrible state of affairs. F. B.

Yes. No. 186 Remsen Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there a Legal Aid Society in Brooklyn. If so, where? M. A. F.

Drug Clerks' Long Hours.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

After having carefully read all the complaints of the office boys, the A. D. T. messengers, the post-office clerks and the conductors of the long hours they have to work, I come to the conclusion that we drug clerks are still the leaders of the long hours and small pay combination. It is surprising how little interest the public displays in the drug clerk's fight for a more humane treatment. I say it is surprising, for the public, who intrusts its life fully to the hands of the drug clerk, knows little of the hardships and miseries the average clerk endures. The hours, with few exceptions, are from 7 A. M. until 10 or 11 P. M., with an hour for dinner and one for supper. He gets his day off on a Tuesday or Wednesday, when most of his friends are working, and he therefore has very few friends. Very often I have had to ask the other clerk to fill a prescription handed to me, because I felt so exhausted that I would not be responsible for what I might put into that prescription. M. A. F.

An Area Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is a problem for readers: How many square feet in a lot 25 feet in front, 50 feet in back, 77 feet on one side and 81 feet on the other side.

"BRONX."

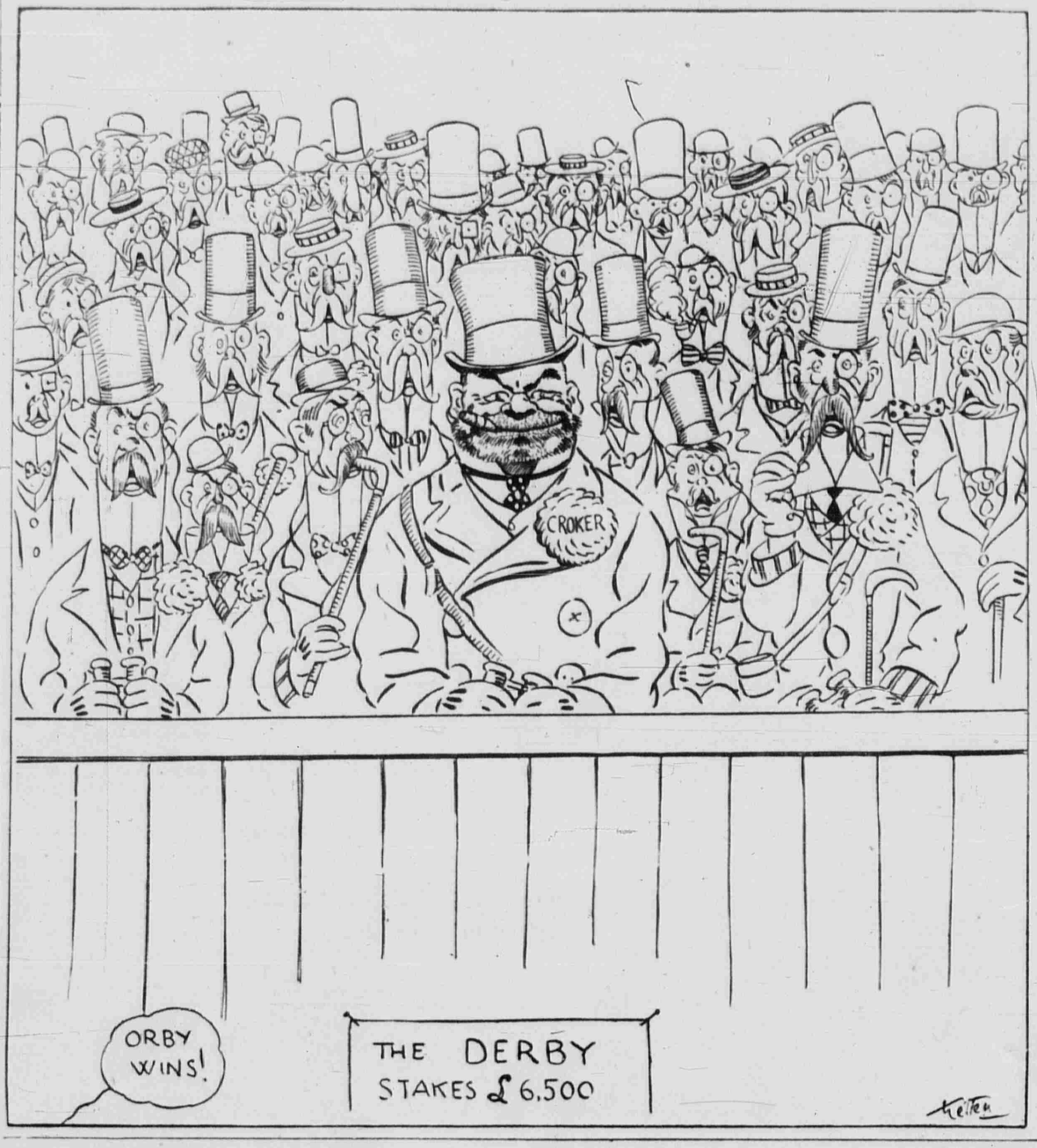
A Mother's Dilemma.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My son says he "smokes in moderation." He smokes six cigarettes and four cigars a day. This seems to me a good deal. But he says I am only a woman and that I don't know. That is why I am writing this letter, so that the men among your readers can tell me if his smoking is excessive and liable to hurt him. He is nineteen. Some one help a mother by answering this. M. A. L.

Hurrah, Don't-You-Know!

By Maurice Ketten.



Local Option for Heroes and Heroines.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

MRS. EMELIE D. MARTIN, for fifteen years superintendent of the art and literature department of the W. C. T. U. for the whole United States, has announced that the influence of the powerful body she represents is being exerted to bar from public libraries all books in which the hero and heroine take a drink of anything stronger than sarsaparilla. "If vices are mentioned at all in a work of fiction we countenance, they must belong to the villain," said Mrs. Martin.

Prominent publishers and editors of magazines, she averred, have pledged themselves henceforth to discourage the author with a vicarious tendency to alcoholism. The sinuous heroines of Mrs. Edith Wharton's novels, too prone to repair the night's disaster at bridge with the morning bracer, must henceforth be cut from the literary calling list of the W. C. T. U. And what shall we say of the lately much lamented Lily Bart, who died from an overdose of chloral which she was in the habit of taking to woo elusive sleep? Surely no well-conducted lady may read about her without incurring Mrs. Martin's frown.

Nearly all the recently popular novels have preferred to deal with a hero or heroine possessed of an interesting vice. One recent heroine had an inherited passion for gambling. In another "best seller" the hero contended bravely against the hereditary craving for drink, while the heroine struggled against a congenital tendency in the ladies of her family to bestow their affections not wisely but too soon. The perfect man and woman in fiction even as hero and heroine have very decidedly gone out of fashion, and I doubt if even so powerful an organization as the W. C. T. U. may hope to revive them.

Perfection is desirable, of course. But I wonder if Mrs. Martin has thought that if her ideas are carried out a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Heroes and Heroines may well be organized. It is bad enough to be a heroine as it is. I realized this particularly a few nights ago, when I sat through a melodrama at a Bowery theatre. The lady villain wore all the good clothes till the fourth act. She was everything that was bad. She drank and frequented opium dens and lured a tender youth from his home. Yet, except for perhaps half a second in the last act when the villain shot her, she had a far better time than the heroine, who worked and starved and was terribly shabby. And now a new renunciation seems forced upon her.

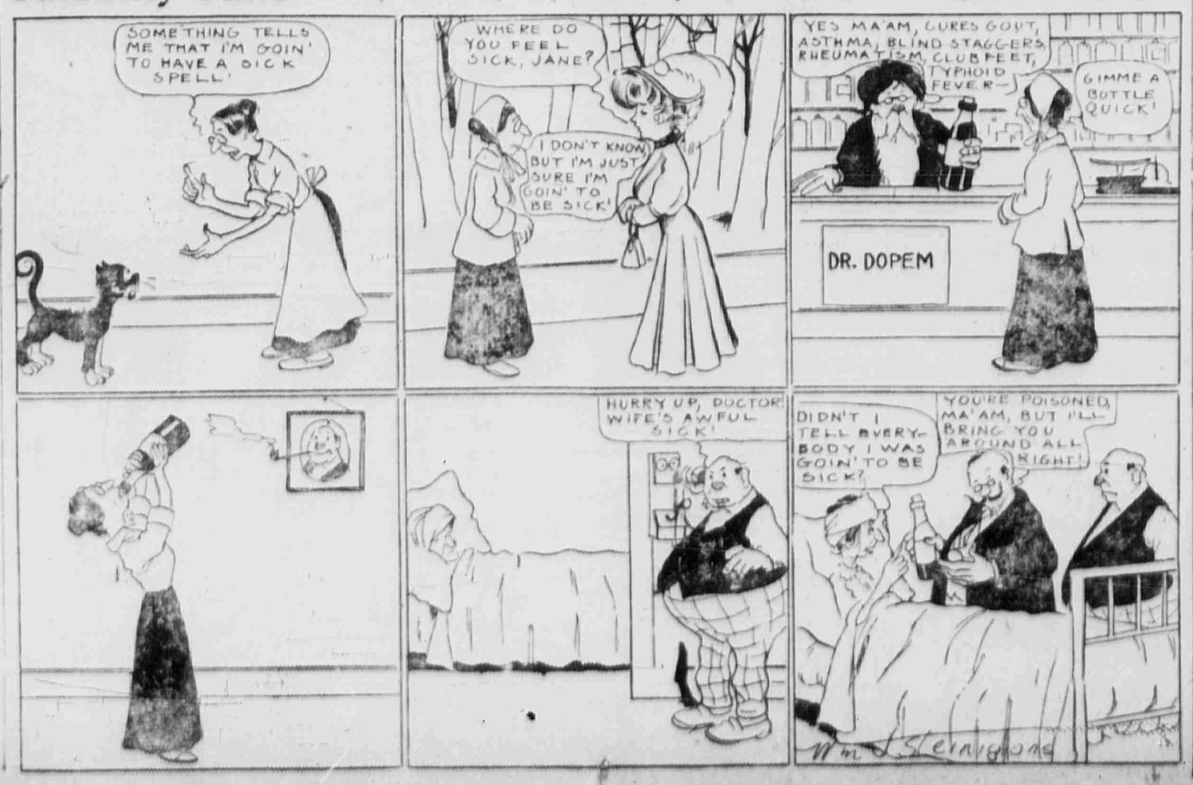
Heroes and heroines are generally very good. It is not easy to be very good, as every one, even saints who have tried it, will acknowledge. And if an occasional bracer will cheer the hero on to greater valor or nerve the heroine to finer renunciation, why, in the interests of art and literature, let them have their sakes and ale! Stage drinks, even the foamy liquid that Broadway stars consume in society comedies, are nothing but cold tea. The hero and heroine of a novel have to be dramatized before they get even that. Let them have it. The world will be no worse. No one ever took a drink because the hero did or refrained from it because he didn't. Let us have local option for heroes and heroines. They deserve it.

Strange Engineering Feat.

ONE of the largest and most interesting engineering undertakings in course of construction at the present time is the building on a public street in Paris of two underground depots and a considerable length of connecting tunnel, which, when completed, will be sunk into position. These are for the use of the Metropolitan Subway, the main line of which railway crosses the Seine. The sections which are to cross the river have been built on land and floated to location, where they are sunk to the river bottom.

Calamity Jane

By W. J. Steinigans



GERTRUDE BARNUM Talks to Girls

The Girl the Lord Helps.

Gertrude Barnum

MY little milliner friend suffered long. During the "busy season" she worked from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. It was piece work, which means that the girls were worked to pieces.

My friend got up at half past five to get in from Brooklyn in time to avoid a fine, and she got home and abed at about 11 o'clock at night. There was no time for cooking; she snatched bread and tea for breakfast, bread and cheese and coffee at the "noon hour" (which was a half hour) and during the ten minutes supper time—well, she felt a good deal like the man who was to be boiled in boiling oil after lunch; he didn't care for any lunch.

For her supper the little milliner cared only for a green pickle. If she cried it spoiled the millinery. She was not allowed to faint until three persons had signed her "time slip." Going to the window for air meant a fine of 25 cents. She had to contribute to "sick benefits" for the forelady and to "collections" for birthday tributes for the "boss," which blossomed into wishes for his "health, wealth and prosperity."

Meanwhile her own health, wealth and prosperity gradually diminished. At last she decided to do a little thinking in her "leisure" time between 11 P. M. and 5:30 A. M. Then she organized a Milliners' Union. Not long ago the union sent the little milliner to Albany to help fight a new law allowing extra evening work in "busy seasons"—a proposed amendment to the "Prentice law" about which so much is coming out in the papers. While she was in Albany she told the Commissioner of Labor about the millinery factories where she and her friends worked. The Consumers' League got her to make a speech before the Committee of Legislators, and it helped to save all the working women of New York State from night work. To-day, any girl asked to work more than sixty hours per week need only report it to the Commissioner of Labor and he will see that the law is enforced. Within a week after her trip to Albany night work ceased in union shops, and the "busy and slack seasons" arrangement gave place to steady work the year round.

The other evening the little milliner made her "report" of all this to the union. At the end of it, after the applause and cheering had ceased, she smilingly remarked: "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

Helping herself is the last thing the average working girl thinks of. She seems to prefer her employer's "welfare work" to having books, baths and lunches at her own expense and in her own home. She accepts tips and presents from customers and employers in lieu of fair wages. She says "Please" and "Thank you" to "settlements," philanthropists and reformers instead of paddling her own canoe and being under obligations to no one.

And she scans the landscape in search of some man to marry and "take care" of her, with no sense of shame at not being able to take care of herself. Men take advantage of her; philanthropists lecture her; journalists "write her up;" reformers discipline her and the county buries her. Will she ever learn to understand what the smiling little union milliner means when she says:

"The Lord helps those who help themselves."

THE RAPID TRANSIT PRIMER.

BY DEXTER W. MASON.

No. 2—The "Wide" European Train.

WHAT is this long, queer foreign train?

It is a suburban train on the Great Eastern Railway, taken near London.

But what significance has the picture for New York?

It shows what a European corporation will do for the public.

But what good can those small, short cars be?

They can seat sixty passengers each.

If the same length as a subway car, how many would they seat?

One hundred and twenty passengers each, instead of fifty-two.

How long are the longest Great Eastern trains?

They are now seventeen cars with sixty seats each, which is equal to 1,020 seats to a train.

But the subway express trains are only eight cars, with fifty-two seats each, or 416 seats to a train. Considering all the congestion in New York, why were not the Subway trains planned to seat as many as the Great Eastern trains?

Because there was no intention of furnishing enough seats in the Subway.

But are the Great Eastern trains any longer than the Subway trains?

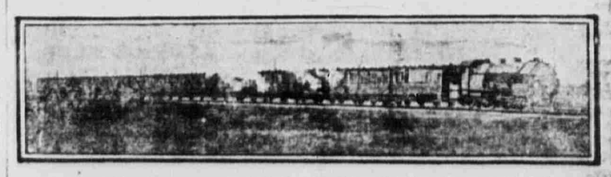
Only about forty-five feet.

Then why shouldn't seats have been furnished in the Subway?

There was absolutely no good reason, except that the rapid transit engineers probably had the common American idea that all passengers can never be seated in this country. The company had the equally common superstition that it would not pay to furnish seats, and so they had no desire to try to.

But why should the Great Eastern Railway take more trouble than an American company?

From a sense of decency and humanity, for one thing. Then there's laws and



public authorities in England, and they're obeyed. The laws control the corporations, not the corporations the laws. The public authorities see to this.

How can the Great Eastern trains load and unload so many passengers?

There are about eighty-five side doors on each side of a train, against fourteen for a Subway express.

How long would it take 1,000 passengers to unload at a station?

The minimum time would be twelve seconds.

How long would it take 1,000 people to leave a New York Subway train?

Over a minute, or five times as long.

With all the inadequacy of the Subway cars and trains, why has nothing been done to furnish more seats?

Because it is too much trouble. That seems to be the real reason all round.

Has the Great Eastern Railway taken any trouble to furnish more seats?

It is doing so constantly. The latest thing was to lengthen station platforms for seventeen-car trains instead of fifteen. But the most radical change was to widen all the suburban cars, so as to seat six people across the car instead of five. The old cars were all split in the middle and a section added.

Was not this increase of capacity very expensive?

It certainly was expensive, and the company could ill afford it.

Why not?

Because they have to carry passengers in the rush hours as far as eleven miles for two cents, at a speed as great as the Subway express trains, which is no easy thing with steam. This poor English road, with an ill-paying suburban business, the largest in the world, has been constantly furnishing more seats. The New York Subway Company, with the cream of the business and the financial assistance of the city, has done nothing as yet to relieve an intolerable and unhealthy overcrowding, whose very relief, too, would bring more profit, and not less.

I See by the Papers.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

RAISULI'S going on the stage. Alfonso's kid is growing.
The good old summer time is here because it is not snowing.
Jack London wants a brand-new crew, the last one sprained its ankle.
T. R. will not be Harvard's head; so THAT thought needn't rankle.
And now, on sward—and bill-of-fare—the gentle lambkin capers.
There's quite a lot that's doing now, I see it by the papers.

Tom Ryan would be Senator. It is his pet ambition,
And hence the Danes Room to make a vacant, safe position.
The Women's Anti-Lunger League shrieks loud: "Don't kiss the baby!"
And Charles E. Hughes, our Governor, will get what's wanted—maybe!
The sap is running in the bar'l as cruel winter tapers,
Now brainstorm season's coming on. I see it by the papers.

The price of dressed beef's going up. The cowmen sent a bum stook.
We'd eat it undressed but for fear of good old Anty Comstock.
The Five-Cent Fare to Coney is not dying, not a bit, man.
A girl may kiss upon the street, rules Magistrate Charles A. Mitman.
And Mrs. Wood says, "Girls, propose!"—so beat it to the vapers.
And 'i-a-monds are scarce in York!—WOT? Sure, just see the papers.

There's naught from nature-faking and society's wild capers
To solemn things like shirts and cuffs you can't find in the papers.

An Ailing King's Breakfast.

WHEN KING EDWARD VII. visits Marienbad for the cure his diet is much restricted. For breakfast he may partake of eggs, cold ham, rusks and coffee. Luncheon is served about 1, and the following diet is recommended: Fresh trout, chicken, veal and compote of plums, while white wine with Geisshubler water is drunk.